Nico

Foxygen

My mind wonders with no map
I have no route no point I daydream
My mind wonders with no map
And real life colours seem washed out
My eyes see things of a secret nature
I resist from trying to understand
I tear the pages of my pastTo recall what you think you thought you wanted
Every yesterday is empty
And no tomorrow will hold
What you carry with yourself today
I carry with myself today
No route, no point, no mapMy eyes see things of a secret nature
And I think if I find a word
I will unlock the past
As if a morning
Could wake up some side of me
That's plain and rich full and lovely and hidden
Plain and full of colours
'Cause I have all the words in me
Words I've never heard before
I try to pick up what sleeps
I try to pick up what slips through your mouth
And find that my own words are so dull and empty
I desist, I quit, I don't know
Answers to questions you
You make, you wait

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